Hard As Nails

BY ROYAL BROWN

The Cold, Calculating Mind Sometimes Produces the Results That Were Not Anticipated.

and luxurious affairs. Yet. Tucked D Witt was as well aware as he should be.

per New York, he settled himself down to an almost two-hundred-mile race against time, he gave as little heed to the matter of oil as the veriest tyro might have.

The roadster, almost new, was one of eight cars he owned at that moment, which gives an idea of his financial condition, and perhaps of his

This last Kitty Townsend had diagnosed for him when, in March, she had returned to him the pledge of their engagement.

"As near as I can discover," she had said in her smooth and levely voice, "your idea of an ideal married life is to have me always about ready to hand you a wrench when you need Thank you, Tuck, I don't care to play second fiddle to your horrid old

Exquisite is a word that fitted Kitty perfectly. And with reason. She had made it the keynote of her campaign and she stressed it ceaselessly-and exquisitely.

Your greatest asset," her mothe had assured her, "is your air of distinction. Society is full of young hoydens who are trying to beat mer at their own games. Be aloof, different-eternally feminine."

They talked things over together like that. They had a little money and a social background of sorts. By making the most of both they had accomplished much.

They talked Tuck over as coolly with the same eye for the mair

"If we had money, I'd prefer a foreigner-of title, of course," her mother had admitted. "But we must have money. And Tuck has social he'll do anything for you, even that, if you manage him."
So it had seemed. From the begin-

ning Tuck had been blinded by Kitty's undeniable loveliness. She was so wonderfully, so-these daysunbelievably feminine.

Her beautiful hair was unbobbed. She did not ride horseback. She smoked, but as one who performs a pretty feminine rite. She drank, but famous vintages decorously "And she's not-oh, hard as nails!

was his final tribute. "I hate his hands," Kitty had remarked. "They look like a me-

"You can manage about that after you marry him," her mother had assured her. "And he is charming in his way. Take my advice and take him!" And Kitty had taken him in December, only to shake him in

THEY had been motoring through Westchester. A dog of no pedigree and less manners had run out, snapped at the front tires. Tuck swerved to avoid hitting him and then he had smiled at Kitty. "Why didn't you run right over

him?" she had demanded. The smile had lingered in his eyes until he had realized that she actually meant it. He had recoiled, instinctively, and she, as instinctively, had promptly pressed home a purely

"The way you swerved might have wrecked the car and killed me!" she had insisted. "Which only proves that you care more for a dog than for me."

And so on to the return of his ring -and the end of the world. It made little difference to Tuck what he did then, and so he went off with Preston Colt. Preston Colt had an insatiable curiosity about unexplored places; at the moment the headwaters of the Amazon fascinated him.

can afford to hire to keep the scow I've chartered moving." he had assured Tuck. "We'll be back by June

When Tuck returned to New York he found it had not worked out that ed upon him save with pity.

"You look as if you'd had tropical fever," one of his kind friends had

This last had taken time to perco-Kitty! Marrying Leonard

In his own apartment he smoked furiously, eigarette after cigarette.
At half-past 9 he had put in a longdistance call to her.

"This is Miss Townsend," came, at last, her cool voice.
"It's me. Tuck, Kitty dear," he had

begun. "I-oh Kitty-you aren't-" From that point he floundered along. until she hung up on him. Thereupon he flopped into a chair. "Oh gosh!" he groaned. "I've messed things up worse than ever!"

Yet Kitty, leaving the phone, wore an expression her mother could not

"It was Tuck." Kitty explained, and her mother's eyes grew startled. "Kitty!" she gasped. "You aren't

considering-"Why not?" "But-the guests-the presents. You

can't change your mind now-" fool-I'm too much your daughter for he found his captor washing dishes

Tuck had been carefully calculated, coolly planned, before the quarrel have seemed not unattractive. She gave her the opportunity. Leonard was young, straight and supple, and Hood, with even more millions and a her bobbed hair was colorful, a warm better social position than Tuck of- chestnut with bronze glints in it. fered, had let his jaded eyes suggest

ears and the memory of his boyish conversation. charm touching what heart she had.

she made a swift, impulsive decision. "The charming bride-elect is suddenly indisposed," she assured her nails!" Tuck decided. mother, "necessitating the temporary

LEVEN - THOUSAND - DOLLAR Of that Tuck had no inkling. He | At that point the need of action be-came definite. He called up his gaamount of oil if their bearings are to rage. Twenty minutes later he was keep cool and collected, and of this on his way to the Berkshires, a modimmediately it became a challenge. ern Lochinvar with a thoroughly

The miles whirled behind him. At

modern steed.

abreast of a farmhouse. Before picious. this stood a car which bore the imprint of its maker as unmistakably in its lines as it did on the radiator. The owner of this lifted his head from under its hood and greeted him.

"Out of gas?" he asked. "Worse than that," Tuck assured him. "Bearings burned out. And say, does that machine of yours run? I'll give you three hundred for it."

The owner had expected two. "Make it three and a quarter," th man said, automatically, "and-"Done! Hitch a team to my car and only solution drag it into your barn. I'll pay for

"Sure!" said the other. He cast a cautious glance about and then produced a pint flask. "This," he announced, "ain't none of that bootleg stuff, but good corn whisky. Help

Tuck took a swallow. "I need it," he remarked, meaning

"The old boat has got a bit of life left in it at that," Tuck decided. "I wonder if it can beat forty."
In a few minutes he discovered that

erhaps with the swallow of whisky her effort. had taken on an empty stomach, Less than thirty miles now!"

The next instant he jammed his chaos into unconsciousness.

ignant-streaming through dormer mystery, and then, as memory flashed wrists and collars back to him, he started to get up.

"I'd advise you to stay where you bathrobe are," suggested a cool, uncompromising voice. "I've taken your clothes and hung them out to air. I only to relieve her. "I'm used to waiting hope for your sake that no revenue officers use this road today."

Tuck turned. In the doorway stood nevertheless was as feminine as the voice that had given him pause. "I remember hitting something," he

began, confusedly.
"Do you really?" Her voice mocked is pretty well demolished and so is

were too drunk to remember any-

"Drunk!" he protested. utterly "So drunk, I should say, as to have

escaped injury altogether," went on. Entering the room with swift, as-

sured step, she crossed to a chair, picked up a flannel shirt and a pair of faded overalls and tossed them to "Now that you are feeling-better."

start repairing the chicken coop."

her. "I haven't a minute to lose. Great Scott! What time is it?" "Half-past 'nine."

dark if it's as late as that---" You've been here all night" she "I need a better mechanic than I and earlier this morning but you were still-unconscious, shall

say?" Kitty had been married. Tuck was utterly overwhelmed. A woman's in and she'll have plenty of time to miss tuition should have guessed that; woman's eyes could hardly have look

But this vindictive young female was implacable.

"If you are handy with tools," sh assured him. "Are you going to Kitty's wedding tomorrow?" done. In any event, between that and going to jail-

"Jail?" Tuck repeated. "In Massachusetts that's where they are sending young men who insist upon operating automobiles when inder the influence of liquor-

"But Great Scott!" he exploded, "I Except, that is, just one," he concluded

She shrugged skeptical shoulders you prefer." "And, anyway, I'll pay for the

"Oh, no, you won't. Labor is one thing money won't buy these days. Not on a farm. If you're a reasonable young man you'll do exactly as I say. Think it over!" And there-

upon she departed. After all, what difference did it make what he did or where he went? Life now stretched before him endlessly, emptily. And so he dressed "I can be sick! I'm not an utter and descended to the kitchen. There

And she was. Her dismissal of hardness about her, she might

Tuck, however, assured himself he back from the station and then he'll That he was much older had seemed devoid of charm. As he finished his had seldom seen any girl so utterly to her of no moment. But now, with coffee the telephnoe rang. He could Tuck's impetuosities echoing in her not escape hearing her end of the

"Absolutely no!" she said. "T've said that before and I mean it." " Aregular little Tartar-hard as to the library. This he had noticed be-

From the telephone she turned to spite of its shabbiness. The great old

him.

had paced the floor until dawn came. barn. I'll show you where it is and dimly luminous in the half you can start work at once."

had wrought had startled him. Then At noon, when she went to summon him to dinner, he had made famous progress. She noted that, but all she Nevertheless, on this warm, sunny 10 o'clock, without warning, the road-said was: "Dinner is ready. And thought. June morning, when, working his ster stopped. His nose, tardily, told don't pay any attention to Clem, him why. but he is half-witted. Just now he resents you and is inclined to be sus-

> Of the latter there could be do The loose-jointed, leatheyfaced hired man gave Tuck a furtive bristling glance.

"Clem!" said his mistress sharply nuttered Clem, and subsided. "She'd make a darn good animal rainer." thought Tuck. "I wonder

If, when Ann Duncan was twenty, her father had not surrendered to the sophistry that suicide was the made of his life, Ann at twenty-four would not have been as she was.

She and her brother Bobby, who was five years younger, were already motherless. Bobby must continue in school and then go to Yale. That was absolutely final. But how?

While the problem still pressed, an abandoned farm and a still more abandoned real estate agent had suggested possibilities. So here she was an abandoned farmeretta. If she factor, meaning the whisky. "Plenty had been less determined of spirit she would have quit long ago.

Instead, she had made herself match for the men she dealt with and she drove as hard bargains as they did. As for the rest—well, Bobby was t could actually turn out fifty or in Yale anyway. To some that might hereabouts. And that fact, allied have seemed a poor return for all

Tuck returned to the reconstruc made him feel pleasantly exhilarated. tion of the chicken coop promptly, "I'll make it, all right," he thought. working the afternoon through, pausor take a trip to the kitchen for a brakes, made an ineffectual effort to glass of water. On one such trip, swerve to the right, and then, amid he surprised Ann about to take a wild splintering, plunged through kettle of water from the stove. And was surprised in turn because she In a minute-so it seemed-he open- had discarded her khaki and wore ed his eyes. Then he blinked rapidly. what seemed to be an ancient eve-But the illusion remained. He was in ning cape. This had once been a bed, with the sun-bright, warm, be-nignant-streaming through dormer material both soft and rich, and there windows. He strove to fathom this were still bands of dusky fur at the

> Now, apparently, she used it as a "Please don't bother," she com-

on myself." Yet even as she squelched Tuck she turned back to him. "But there a breech and booted figure that is one thing you can do for me," she ise to stay here and help Clem until

"Until you get back?" he echoed. "I've got to go to New Haven. him. "I'm surprised. My chicken coop brother is at Yale and I'm afraid that he is sick. Clem will take the milk your car, but I have an idea you to the station as usual, but he must have some help. Can you milk a

cow?" "I've never had any experience, but

might be able to achieve the art. "It's simple enough, if you don't "I'll try not to," said Tuck meekly.

properly paid, of course." "And anyway it will be much better

her. And then, remembering her had not shaved since he arrived. Yet Tuck stared at her incredulously. brother, he added hastily—being the dog knew!
"One of us is crazy:" he assured Tuck: "I didn't mean to rub it in— "Well, well," said Tuck. "Where of course I'll be glad to do whatever I can."

In a moment of less stress she "Half-past nine?" he echoed and might have pondered that As it was in exactly the tone and manner every glanced about. "Why, it should be she bathed, dressed and departed, all dog dreams of, "that you care mor within the hour

"Don't try to talk to Clem-it just

FITTED KITTY PERFECTLY.

confuses him," she advised Tuck

stand what he wants done. He'll pre-

THE soft dusk swallowed her up,

alone. He hesitated, and then turned

fore. The room had impressed him in

fireplace with its MacIntyre mantel

an engine whirred off and he was

library is at your service."

"There's some lumber stored in the was flanked by bookshelves. Over thi hovering beyond the lamp's shaded radiance, hung a portrait in oil. This was very good, though his surprise at that was submerged in a greater smiling woman in a formal gowi with train-English court dress,

him-not that he had forgotten her of course!-and abruptly he turned away.

looked when departing, "She can look darn attractive when she wants to "Haw!" said a voice behind him.

They supped together, in silence And then, Clem went to bed while Tuck, who would have been wise to do likewise, returned to the library. Presently the clock on the mante began to strike. He glanced up. Eight o'clock. Last night at this time-no. two nights before at this time-he had just finished talking to Kitty. She was yet to be married then "It would have been better if

had smashed myself up as thoroughly as I did that old flivver," he decided The first rays of dawn were lighting the east as he and Clem finished breakfast. And the last glow of sunhe fell into his bed that night. He

bed early. "I hope," he thought, "that Clem it, but we should worry—she's away will oversleep in the morning. I'm until further notice." darned sure I will-that little red Jersey sure has a mean disposition. over the telephone in the kitchen. -wonder - just what - she has against-me.

consecrated to Kitty. Especially as she, at that precise moment, was turning, saw him. thinking of him-and with deep emo tion, too.

"I trust." her mother was raging "that you are satisfied. Everybody is talking. They know that Tuck talked to eat?" to you over the phone, and if you think Leonard Hood can be treated this way---

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Kitty un filially. But she realized she had been foolish. She had counted on Tuck's rush-

ing to her, making any and all con cessions to regain her. She won-dered where he could have gone to. At the headquarters of the Amazo Tuck had not been able to forget the Amazon there hadn't been twenty

ows and a chicken coop. Of course, he hadn't forgotten Kitty. Impossible! But there were moments when she-well, slipped ed to him terrific. The moment one thing was finished, something else

red to be done. "I only hope," he thought, "that I won't be as half-witted as Clem by the time the young ogress returns.

* * * * A SOUND caused him to turn. In the sunlit doorway of the cowshed stood a dog such as may be seen Now he stood, one forepaw uplifted, poised for flight should that prove emptily and endlessly-actually grin- advisable. But his ridiculous tail and his floppy ears broadcasted hope

and good will. "Please, sir." queried his tail, "are

you willing to boss me around?" Then, caution to the winds, he flung himself upon Tuck. And that was not because Tuck had eight automobiles and at least as many millions

did you come from?" The dog was obviously half starved "T've got an idea," Tuck went on,

for milk than I do. How about it?" "Anything," the dog replied-ob



IT WAS ANN WHO REACHED THE ROAD FIRST.

"Let's go to it, then," suggested Tuck. "I don't know what th

viously, "that pleases you pleases

But she wasn't. She was talking "You can have the pair of them for four hundred dollars-cash." she was saying. "I must have the money at

Then she hung up the receiver and,

"I-I didn't know you had come back," he said inanely. brought the dog in. He's hungry. Do you mind if I give him something

Yet he felt a swift anger against her. She had barely glanced at the dog. He could not understand how any woman could be so utterly devoid of sympathy.

"Thanks," he said and hoped she'd catch the sarcasm.

But she missed it altogether. She had already changed back to her masculine gear. As Tuck poured

some milk into a saucer she moved swiftly about the kitchen. She looked pale and very tired. When she suddenly turned to him he noticed the lilac shadows under her eyes. "I should have told you at once how much I appreciate your staying and helping. Please forgive me. I've had

think of." "Your brother"-Tuck wondered suddenly if in his interest in the dog he had not seemed unsympathetic to her. "Did you find him very ill?"

"Not very," she said, her lips tight-Tuck stared as she turned away. "Good Lord," he thought. "Does sh esent his sending for her for anything less than a deathbed scene?" Later he was to be still more puzzled when he came suddenly Clem standing before a silver framed

picture which Tuck had noticed and

which he had guessed was of Bobby. "Haw!" Clem exclaimed, and then shook his fist violently at the picture "Everybody is a little bit crazy ping next, Joseph, old top. Joseph Or even because he looked kind. In fact, he looked like a pirate, for he had not shaved like a partyed. Yet

scrape."

He had been to Yale himself. Besides, that would explain the mystery-Ann's return and the sale of two valuable rows, Clem's pantonimic assault upon Bobby's picture. "Well," Tuck decided, finally and wisely, "it's none of my business any-

Nevertheless, when he came into the kitchen just before supper he did study Ann with quickened interest. "By the way." she remarked. breaking in on this, "I'll not hold you here longer, of course. The destruc-tion of the chicken coop did seem wanton and inexcusable at that time, nd I was determined to make you fix it. But I imagine I may have been infair. Your family and friends-"I'm going to finish the chicken rightly. "As for family and friends haven't much of the first, and I magine the rest are busy with their own affairs. I---

There he paused, his nice young mouth tightening as he thought of As for Ann, she gave him quick glance but said nothing.

"I really might as well be here as anywhere," Tuck finished. "That is if I earn my board and Joseph's." "Of course you do," she agreed, alwant to stay I'll pay-

"Wait until I finish the chicken coop before we talk about that," h protested. Now, she might have wondere

about that. But actually she was too tired, and such thought as she had was for Bobby.

"How could he!" she still wonder-"If he only realized!" Tuck wondered, too.

"I'd as soon suspect a marble statue of tears," ran his thought. "But she did look as if she had been crying. I might drop a line to Bill. If there is anything wrong with Bobby he can help a pile.'

THE letter to Bill, who had been a roommate of Tuck's at Yale and was now an instructor, went out on the morning mail. Sunday came the sixth day of his stay at Forty Acres. Clem shaved before breakfast, Tuck after. As he

re-entered the kitchen Ann gave him a quick glance—this was the first time she had seen him so "I hardly knew you," she con fessed.

"I thought it about time to rene

old acquaintance with myself," he laughed. When the mail came Monday Tuck was rendering first aid to the motor a hard trip and-many things to truck

> thing about motors?" Ann had ask ed Tuck after breakfast.
>
> "Why—a little," he had answered. "The garage man said the truck ught to be overhauled. I suppose t had, but I couldn't spare it for

> four days "If he said four days PII have it ready for you in four hours," inter This had seemed to her highly un

likely. But Tuck was a genius at such things, and there is never any mistaking those who possess genius When he started operations she hovered about like a worried mother with an ailing child, handing this tool or that as he requested it. The picture they made this was

June morning suggested indeed that and I'm glad you taught him a lesson which Kitty had conjured as Tuck's So sorry," she assured Tuck, "that I idea of an ideal marriage—a woman can't stop to be introduced to your voted himself to his only real love. Presently Tuck cranked the car The response was immediate. The

truck shook and so did the shed. "You've fixed it!" Ann paeaned, and her voice for once was warm an happy. "I'm so glad. Why, it seems to be going better than it has for

long time-"I'll say it is!" he retorted. "There's the mail carrier," she re narked, and went to meet him Tuck was still eying the truck

proprietorily when she returned.
"A letter for you," she said. Tuck saw it was from New Have He mummured an excuse, and, opening it, found that, as he expected,

was from Bill.
"The info," began Bill, the English instructor, relapsing into the lingo of a roommate, "that your royal high ness craves was not hard to get. The old campus rather rings with it Th young man, a sprightly and engaging youth, had the bad luck to lose a various games of chance and the exceedingly bad taste to proffer a bad near to being canned when his sister rather a charmer, do you know her? -saw the dean and wooed him to sweeter mood. I, keeping in the wellknown background, have nevertheless asked various undergraduates whose word, even to the young and foolish he should be talked to. They'll keep an eye on him, so requiescat in pace.

But the real kick came in the next "Now that I have eased your mind," this ran, "please ease mine. What's all this I hear about Kitty Townsend throwing her elderly bridegroomelect overboard the moment she and alternates. heard your sweet and persuasive voice over the phone? Society Notes has a paragraph on it, but I want to

hear your side. What next?" This left Tuck almost dizzy. It was too big to take in all in a minute. He arms, together with a hundred or Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde of Sait Lake struggled with it, until suddenly he more newspaper women and maga- City, Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chirealized that Ann had spoken. "Not bad news, I hope," she re-

"I'll have Clem drive you over as earnestly interested in the election. ment it seemed as if she would say certain planks of particular interest speeches when candidates are placed no more. Then: "And-I'm sorry to to woman voters, such as education, have you go. And very grateful for child labor, prohibition, equal rights,

That went be necessary, and Interest will center at the latter with the latter will center at the latter will center will center at the latter will center at the latter will center will be at the latter will be at the la I'm sorry, too, to go."

He wondered if he might drop a ressuring hint about Bobby.
"I---" he began, uncertainly.

He got no further. Joseph shot by them barking furiously. A heavy roadster had come into sight. At it oseph flung himself, with all the ardor of a Don Quixote.

"One of these days he'll get run ver," remarked Ann. "I imagine that wouldn't bother you very much," he suggested. To Tuck, her remark had come like a dash of cold water, reminding him of what she was-hard as nails!

Ann looked up at him, wide-eyed "Why should it?" she demanded. Before he could answer there came in agonized shriek from the road.

T was Ann who reached the road first. Sinking to her knees, she drew Joseph to her and ran swift, intuitive fingers over him while he pitifully strove to lap her hand with his tongue.

"I think there's nothing broken, she babbled. "But I'm afraid he's "But I'm afraid he' hurt internally. Oh, how could they-This Tuck, hot with anger, straightway turned to demand of the road-

ster's driver. "If." the stranger began, "you'd teach your mongrel better manners-

"I," proposed Tuck, "intend to teach you better manners right now-Instead, he stopped short, incredu-"Do you, by any chance, know any ous of eyes. "Kitty!" he gasped And Kitty it was. Kitty as exquisite s ever, as ideally feminine. Seated beside the driver, whom he now rec-

ognized.
"Tuck!" What on earth-There she bit her lip. Involuntarily her eyes grew calculating and for an instant it was as if Tuck saw to he very soul, saw it-hard as nails! As she caught his change in expression, she sensed her mistake. Yet as ever she was quick to retrieve the situation; she knew now on which side her

bread was buttered. "Please drive on, Leonard dear," placing beautifully gloved fingers ver her fiance's. 'I think it served that awful creature perfectly right riend. She looks so-unusual.

had turned back to Ann. As she looked up he saw that tears glittered on her lashes.

"Why, Ann" he cried. "I had no idea that you cared so-for anything." "I don't dare-care much for any thing," she said. "But I-I can't bear to see anything hurt. How could she be so heartless! But perhaps I shouldn't say that. She's a friend of

"She was!" amended Tuck. He dropped to his knee beside her and ran his fingers over the quivering Joseph. "Feel any better, old top?" Joseph wagged a feeble tail.

she suggested. In the kitchen he held the basin of hot water while she bathed Joseph And it was Tuck who now studied her as she worked, absorbed. By every tenet of his older creed she

'Let's carry him into the house

was not feminine. Yet if to be feminine is to be brave and true and lovely-for so he suddenly saw hertender to suffering and utterly unselfish, then feminine she was! "I think he'll be all right in a day or two," she said. "Sore but---

drunk. You believe me, don't you?" "I think," she confessed, "that I misjudged you-lots of ways. I had learned to trust nobody and-but your letter! I had forgotten you were in a hurry. I hope this hasn't delayed

Tuck had forgotten his letter, too

Now, as he remembered, he hesitated. Then suddenly he drew a breath so deep that Joseph rolled his eyes up at him and feebly wagged his tail. "I'd rather stay awhile. If you don't

you too much!"

mind, that is. What do you pay Clem?" "Am I worth as much as that? One might have wondered if he had forgotten that he was worth, actually eight millions. He had, absolutely.

"Much more," she said, with no knowledge of the millions. "If you really want to stay-There she stopped short. Clem had

come in. He looked at Tuck, then at Ann. "Haw!" he said. And then, curiously enough, he grinned-slowly, expansively. But of course he was half-witted-though

perhaps not so terribly half-witted

Tuck did not even hear her. He WOMEN AT CONVENTIONS

HE age-old proverb which likens the tongues of many women to the cackle of geese will be given the acid test at the national colitical conventions, this year.

The largest two gatherings of women old-line party conventions this country ever has seen occur both in the For the women will be there. The largest two gatherings of women in old-line party conventions

For the women will be there

this country has ever seen occur both in the same summer. It will be the first showing of women in large numbers in a national convention since suffrage became law. Upon the number of women present and the power they wield will depend the interpretation the nation will place upon women's activity in

It is expected that 1,000 women will

present in an official capacity. Ap-

politics.

at large and district delegates, with equal voting power with the men. The Democrats are sending a some-He's been traveling with the wrong the New York convention. Accordwhat larger delegation of women to ing to Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice chairman of the Democratic national committee, there will be 1,000 Democratic women present at the conven-tion in an official capacity. More than

> nates there will be associate members of the national committees and Sumner Bird of Massachusetts, Mrs. members of the national executive Charles H. Sabin of New York, Miss committees, ushers and sergeant: -at- Helen Varick Boswell of New York, zine writers, there to cover the big-

Then there will be women at the with the delegates, because they are For a mo- There will be groups working for www done. Of course, I intend peace, etc. These women will go first after the key men, and then they "That wen't be necessary," he pro-will go after the woman delegates. Interest will center at the Demo-

many women are placed upon the in portant convention committees. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has been named chairman of a wom-an's advisory committee to pass upon planks offered by women's organiza tions on social and welfare legislation to be incorporated in the na tional party platforms. This impor-tant committee will have members from women's organizations and

comen of national reputation in so

Mrs. Roosevelt has already named a few women to the committee, in cluding Mrs. Kate Trenholm Abrams Washington, D. C.; Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago; Mrs. Sara A. Conboy, United Textile Workers of America, New York; Mrs. W. S. Jennings, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Olive Jones, National Education Associa-tion, Washington; Miss Mary Mc-Dowell, Department of Child Welfare, Chicago; Mrs. Henry Morgenthau. It is expected that 1,000 women will be at the Cleveland convention, between 400 and 500 of whom will be backer, Austin, Tex.: Miss Caroline Ruutz-Rees, Greenwich, Conn.; Miss proximately 125 of these women will M. Carey Thomas, Bryn Mawr Colbe duly elected Republican delegates lege; Miss Lillian D. Wald. Henry at large and district delegates, with Street Settlement. New York; Mrs Caroline B. Wittpen, Jersey City

Many nationally known women are found in the list attending the con vention in Cleveland.

Among these are Mrs. Nicholas
Longworth, Mrs. Mabel Walker Wille-

brandt, assistant attorney general; Mrs. Bessie Parker Bruggen 500 of these will be all-powerful Sara Schuyler Butler, vice chairman delegates at large, district delegates of the Republican state committee and alternates. In addition to delegates and alter- Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; Mrs. Charles cago, Mrs. Christina Bradely South of gest story of the year—women in a Kentucky, Mrs. Douglas Robinson of national political convention. New York, Mrs. Arthur L Livermore of New York, Mrs. Barclay H. War-

of having women deliver seconding

"No," he replied, confusedly. "Not

bad news, but I'm afraid I must go conventions who will not be dele-burton of Philadelphia and Mrs. at once. If I can be driven to the gates, but who will have influence Louise M. Dodson of Des Moines, Iowa. If the precedent established in 1920

> in nomination is followed, there should be a large number of woman speakers before the conventions. Both ventions in 1920 heard seconding speeches by a number of distin-